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Our Story.

[From Godey's Magazine for October.]

"From Our Own Correspondent."

BY VIRGINIA DE FOREST.

An 1812 soldier, did you say?"

"Yes, and as pale and hearty now in his seventy-fifth year as he was at New Orleans at the head of his regiment. He is a splendid fellow, and I can prouise you a hearty welcome on the strength of your uniform. By the way, put your heart in battle array, for the bright eyes of Agnes Lawrence will surely attack it."

"And who is Agnes Lawrence?"

"The Colonel's grandchild, as fair a cottage girl, as lives in America. She is an orphan; the Colonel's housekeeper; face-washer and school-mistress to her little brother and sister—and"

"Captivator of my friend George Hamilton's heart," said Norman Grant, laughing.

They were two light-hearted, brave young men who thus chatted, as they took the road to Somerville. The older of the two, Lieutenant George Hamilton, had invited his friend and classmate Norman Grant—also Lieutenant in the United States Army—to join him in a ride to Somerville to visit Col. Lawrence, an old soldier who had won his title in the war of 1812.

Agnes Lawrence, the grandchild of the old soldier, was, at the time my story opens, in her seventeenth year. She was very beautiful, with wavy brown hair, large blue eyes, and a graceful figure. She had been educated in Boston, and could talk with many a city girl in her accomplishments, while still grandchild of a good name had reared "bright accomplishments" in the home of a poor soldier.

There they sat again in the parlor, the bright sun streaming full upon the black shadows in the deep-mourning dress worn by both mother and daughter, neither of whom had any trace of the adventure. The young man, however, was too much excited to need repetition here,

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Agnes looked up. "He can swim," she said.

"Your habit weighs him down," again shouted the young man. "Head him this way! No! no! He is swimming with the current. They will sink!" and without waiting for any answer, he sprang into the water.

Agnes felt that she could not keep her seat a moment longer, and as Norman came up beside her she loosed her from the stirrup, and let the horse go from her. The heavy skirt dragged her down, but a strong, nervous arm was around her waist, and she did not lose her courage.

"So! Don't struggle; I carry you!" and with strong strokes Norman went towards the bank. George, leaning over, lifted Agnes from Norman's arms, and Hector released from his burden, now came up and completed the dripping trio.

"Bravely done, Miss Agnes!" was George's greeting as he received her in his arms.

"Lieutenant Hamilton!" said Agnes, with a bright blush. "Thank you! I can stand!"—and she turned to Norman, who now stood upon the bank. The smile with which she greeted George died away, and her eyes filled with tears as she held out both hands to Norman. "How can I thank you?" she said, with a trembling voice. "I can never, never express my gratitude."

"Don't try!" said the young man, bowing. "I am only too happy to have been a hand to assist you. Miss Lawrence, I presume from George's greeting?"

"Let me introduce Lieutenant Grant," said George. We are on our way to your house, and I suggest that the sooner we reach it the sooner you will be able to do off that dripping habit. Let me assist you!" And leading Hector up, he offered his hand to Agnes as well as his.

"I never knew how much I loved him until now," she said one evening, to her grandfather; "but now, when I feel that he is among the brave men at Mexico, fighting for his country, I not only love him, but I am so proud, so proud that he loves me!"

One afternoon, while Agnes was in her own room, engaged in some domestic duties, and little Mary sat in the dining-room, reading to the Colonel, Horace suddenly burst into the house—

"A paper! There's been another battle at Buena Vista! Come down, Agnes, I want to read it."

Throwing down her work, Agnes hastened to the dining-room; but the impatient boy was already seated before his grandfather, while Mary stood with folded hands to listen when the young girl came in. She stood behind her grandfather's chair, while Horace opened the sheet.

"The JEWS—Jerusalem was taken by Titus on the 1st of September, A. D. 70. Ninety-seven thousand prisoners were captured during the siege, and eleven thousand died of starvation. The loss of the Jews in killed, wounded and missing, during the war was placed in round numbers at 1,450,000. The Emperor Vespasian disposed of the Jewish lands for his own use, employing the same methods as that

of the Romans in their conquest of Gaul.

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"Here it is!"—Letter from our Own Correspondent. That's always more jolly than the regular official news, because it gives so many details. Now, then? A paper, a paper account of a battle too familiar to us all, but we must have it, to satisfy our curiosity."

Explanations followed, and the next day the Colonel started for Ohio.

I cannot describe the meeting, but I can assert that the empty sleeve did not make Agnes retract her promise, and under the influence of happiness, the older's bride again took up the threacening check and may once she had lost from the time she heard the news from "Our Own Correspondent."

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grasping the young soldier's hand, gladly promising that Agnes should be the reward of his valor in war.

There was a frank, open expression in Norman's face, a generous, noble impulse in his actions, and a noble spirit so manifest in his every expression that he had won the Colonel's heart, and a father's blessing could not have been warmer than the noble old master bestowed upon the young hero panting to win his laurels.

Horace had been but a few weeks in the Academy, when in company with a number of brother cadets, he received an invitation to join a party at Mrs. L——'s, one of the leaders of fashion at West Point.

It was early when he entered the cottage—made their absence severely felt.

George wrote a note of farewell to the Colonels, and his uncle procured him an appointment.

Agnes saw him go with a heavy heart.

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